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"Stop Thief" at Oliver theater, Matinee and night, Saturday, Aug. 23.



Resinol stops skin troubles

If you have eczema, rash, pimples, or other distressing, unsightly skin eruption, try Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, and see how quickly the trouble disappears, even in severe and stubborn cases. They stop itching instantly.

Resinol Ointment is so nearly flesh-colored that it can be used on exposed surfaces without attracting undue attention.

Physicians have prescribed Resinol for 18 years, for all sorts of skin troubles, dandruff, sores, ulcers, burns, wounds, and piles. Every drugist sells Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, but you can try them free, by writing to Dept. 35-S, Resinol, Baltimore, Md., for samples.

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A broken assortment and odd lot of charming and smart dresses.

Any Summer Dress in Stock.

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THE OLIVER

SATURDAY MATINEE and NIGHT, AUGUST 30th.



FOR LAUGHING PURPOSES ONLY

You'll Laugh at "Stop Thief"

The Original Company on Tour to Cohan's Grand, Chicago.

PRICES { MATINEE—25, 50, 75c and \$1.00. SEATS NOW
NIGHT—25, 50, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

THE RED BUTTON

A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK
By WILL IRWIN

(CONTINUED)

"I ain't in the Hanska case at all," responded Rosalie Le Grange, answering his second question first, "at least not deep, Martin McGee." She flashed upon him her dimples, snapped at him her great gray eyes. "When a person is comin' home late from a supper with an actress friend an' sees a door open and hears people talking on the inside with remarks about murder and poison, she investigates. Which I done. An' when she finds a lot of human hens runnin' around like their heads was cut off, she helps straighten things out. I was never right up close to a murder before." She paused a minute, her dimples faded and the lines of her face fell. "Ugh!" she shuddered with the memory.

"That," said Martin McGee, "is what I'd call a coincidence."

"Coincidence!" repeated Rosalie Le Grange with fine scorn, "now look here, Inspector McGee, there ain't any such thing as coincidence—any more than there's such a thing as luck. No, Martin McGee. Nearly everybody that's lived long enough in New York has had a murder or a burglary or something in the same block. It was bound to happen to me in time. It happened; and instead of minding my own business like the rest, I butted straight in. When the reason for a thing get too tangled up for you and me to follow, we stick a label on it, an' call it luck. But there," she checked herself, "this is just one of my platform inspirational talks like I used to give the sitters in my tea-rooms. Only then I laid it to the spirits. Now I lay it to Rosalie Le Grange."

"Used to?" echoed Inspector McGee. "Does that mean you've cut it out?"

"Well, does these clothes and this five-dollar-an-hour massage on my face look like I got 'em from silk?" she asked. "That's what I mean," inquired Rosalie Le Grange. "Say, ask me about it, please. I'm dying to tell."

"All right; I've asked," responded Martin McGee, a kind of dull, blundering, his clean shaven jaw, police countenance.

"Now," said Rosalie Le Grange, "I'm going to astonish you, Marty McGee. I got it from Robert H. Norcross—the railroad king."

McGee's face fell. This mascot of his, this curious good fairy who had skipped in and out of his career, scattering golden successes, was a kind of an index to the fortune of his work. A goddering millionaire—as Norcross had been in his last years—for the talented coin of aged folly, was a blow to what idealism an inspector of detectives may still hope to cherish. Rosalie, skilled from youth to catch and interpret the unconsidered expression of the human countenance, read his emotion at once.

"Now, I don't mean at all what you mean, Martin McGee," she said. "Listen. It don't matter what I did, or how I did it—but I saved this Robert H. Norcross from makin' about the biggest kind of a fool out of that self. There's more things get to the police than get to 'em, Inspector Martin McGee. Especially in the medium game. Norcross was caught, I tell you. Ever hear of Mrs. Paula Markham?"

"The woman who skipped to Paris after the Warfield affair?" asked McGee. Rosalie nodded.

"And a great medium, too," she said, "but also a great crook. Well, she had Robert Norcross, I tell you. Rosalie extended one of her creamed and polished hands. She closed the fingers gradually, in a fine pink, adorable, tight fist. "Just like that," she said. "He was the right age to be worked by a medium. And think of the stake! The newspaper said when he died that his estate was smaller than anybody thought. But it was 75 millions. Mrs. Markham had him—and them. An' I broke that grip. It ain't necessary for me to say how. Funny thing was I didn't do it for Norcross at all, but just for a little blue-eyed fool of a girl in love. Well, anyhow, when he woke up and realized the narrow shave he had, Mr. Norcross began to investigate, an' found what I'd done. Do you remember," she asked suddenly, "that they probated the Norcross will secret? Nobody ever knew exactly what he did with his money, except his nephew got most of it."

"I remember," said Inspector McGee. And then, on a sudden burst of laughter, "Gee! Wouldn't the newspapers give a heap to get this story you're going to tell?"

"They would," responded Rosalie Le Grange, "and that's why you'll

never breathe a word to a soul. But there! I always knew who I could trust—an' you're one of 'em. The reason was a codicil or whatever you call it. He left me—in token of service and friendship, it said—an old house he owned over by North river, an' stocks—well six thousand a year to make one bite of it!"

"Good Lord! He did?" cried Martin McGee.

Rosalie nodded solemnly, but her eyes shone.

"Now I played that medium game on the square, you understand," she said, "again and again. I passed up chances to book just such old dopes as Norcross. My rule was always straight sittings at two dollars a head, an' no extras. I faked 'em, of course. But I heartened 'em up. I handed 'em good advice, I kept silly fool girls from goin' to the bad. I gave weepy old widows the only real recreation they ever had. An' here, right at the end, comes an honest piece of money so big that I could have played crooked all my life, an' never even got a chance at anything like it. Makes me wonder," she added, "if the goody-goody stuff I used to line out in my inspirational platform talks wasn't true, after all."

"And never a noise from the law-yets?" inquired Martin McGee.

"Didn't they squeal?" replied Rosalie, "but they didn't bother me. I was my own lawyer. 'All right,' says I, 'sue and get it into the paper that Robert H. Norcross was runnin' to mediums. Do a lot for your railroad system. Look nice in red headlines.' That fixed 'em. An' last March I come into my money. I closed up shop an' sold my test books an' stopped this medium business. An' started to be a lady. Six thousand a year ain't too much to do that job in New York, even when you don't have to pay house rent."

"There was six months' income waiting for me when the lawyers settled everything up, an' I put that into things that I wanted all my life. I bought some stuff that I needed too, but I bought the things that I wanted first—a Duchess lace handkerchief, that put me back \$50, a gold chair, an' some diamond rings an' a gold mesh-bag—but I guess this is neither here nor there. I spread myself on clothes, had my face overhauled and renovated until I hardly knew it myself, and then I fixed up the house. And that house—you can believe me, it was some house—it's got chintz bedrooms, an' a conservatory an' a smoking den an' cozy corner an' a sun parlor."

"After that I started out to be a lady. I went to the opera an' the theater an' tea at the Deldrich. I hired a landau from a livery stable, an' every day I drove up Fifth av. The rest of the time I shopped. An' I begun to feel wrong, somehow."

Rosalie stopped for breath and Inspector McGee jerked out a quick laugh of anticipation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOSHEN TO GET NEW SYSTEM OF LIGHTS

Contract Calling for \$10,567 is Awarded to Central Electric Co. of This City.

J. W. Arnold, manager of the Central Electric Co. on Main st. opposite the court house, was in Goshen Wednesday, where he closed a contract with the Goshen city council to install a complete system of ornamental street lighting in that city.

AT THE THEATERS

"STOP THIEF."

"Stop Thief," the farce to be presented at the Oliver Saturday matinee and night, was written by Carlyle Moore, who has chosen for his subject matter, kleptomania. A youthful benedict and his father-in-law to be are both afflicted with it as valuable wedding gifts disappear and a real crook and a detective come into the play, the complications come fast and furious.

The original company will appear here and includes Marq Ryan, Vivian Martin, Frank Bacon, Robert Cummings, Percy Ames, Ruth Chester, Elise Scott, Marie Chamber, William H. Boyd, Charles Kaufman, Sam Hardy, James C. Marlowe, Thomas Findlay, Herbert E. Jelly, Edward J. McGuire, John Casey, Thomas Nolan and Archie McCall. The company is enroute to Chicago to open an indefinite engagement at Cohan's Grand theater.

MISS LEONA BALL.

Miss Leona Ball, a clever little actress, is summing at Madison, N. J., preparatory to her opening in this city as ingenue of the Grayce Scott Players.

Miss Ball, while still young, has played a wide range of parts. Aside from her experience with stock companies in Memphis, Tenn.; Seattle, Wash.; Vancouver, B. C.; Springfield, Mass.; Baltimore, Md. and Washington, D. C., Miss Ball has been connected with several New York productions. Under the Frohman management she was with Miss Isabel Brown in Clyde Fitch's play, "The Girl Who Has Everything," and when Miss Irving left the cast of that play she succeeded her. In the Henry W. Savage production of "The Devil," Miss Ball was "Xenia," the artist's model. She was also featured one season in the title role of Piner's play, "Sweet Lavender." Last season she played in two New York productions, "His Wife by His Side" and "The Road to Arcady."

AT THE MAJESTIC.

William Stein, a South Bend boy who has been in Chicago the past summer in the employ of song publishers, is singing at the Majestic. His program of new ballads pleases. Cox and Bailey, comedy singing and talking act and Harry Linwood, with his laughable sketch make up a pleasing program. A special war picture, "Women and War" will be shown Friday.

AT THE SURPRISE.

Two bank clerks are in love with the same girl. One discovers that the other is defaulting and in order to play strong with the girl pretends to cover up the defalcations. The defaulter pleads guilty and receives a penal sentence. In the meantime the other marries the girl but dies as a result of an accident and on the deathbed makes a confession, completely vindicating his friend, Warren Kerrigan is featured in this two-reel subject and will be shown at the Surprise today.

"AN OLD MAN'S LOVE STORY."

One of the most charming picture stories that has been thrown upon the screen for a long while is "An Old Man's Love Story." An interesting Vitaphone drama to be presented Friday at the American theater. Although he is himself in love with the girl, an elderly man has the good sense to see that her marriage with him can result in unhappiness for her. He masters his feelings for her and assists the man she loves to a position where he will be able to make her happy.

The system will include an array of luminous arcs. In securing the contract Arnold had to compete with contractors from all over the state. In consideration of a sum of \$10,567.00 Arnold is to begin the work next week and expects to complete it in 60 days. When finished, he will be one of the largest and best ornamental lighting systems in this part of the country.

The DILA SPRAY
STYNGE FOR WOMEN
The new combination vaginal stynges that dilates and sprays at the same time. An absolute, sure and complete cleanser. It never fails. Can be used with either bulb or douche bag. Investigate. Send stamp for illustrated book which gives full particulars and directions. Dunsen-Hawson Co., 1225 Broadway, New York City. For sale by LEWIS C. LONDON, Michigan & Wayne Sts., South Bend.

HOPELESS PARALYTIC MISSES CHANCE TO DIE

Woman Who Wanted Physician to Destroy Lives is Caught Near Aqueduct Fire.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—Mrs. Sarah Harris, hopeless paralytic, who a year ago petitioned for the enactment of a law permitting physicians to destroy the lives of incurable persons at their own request, lay without making an outcry in her room at No. 6 St. Nicholas place while the heat from the fire which destroyed the superstructure of the Aqueduct tunnel cracked the walls and threatened to set the woodwork ablaze. She is alive Thursday because an attendant found her suffering and caused her cot to be removed.

"Please don't take me away," the woman begged. "This is the only chance I've had to die. Let me stay and my misery will be ended."

RECORD IN HILL CLIMB

D. C. Peters Sets a New Mark at Newport Contest.

NEWPORT, Ind., Aug. 22.—Driving a Staver car in the fifth event of the third annual Newport hill climb, D. C. Peters of Chicago lowered the previous record of 20 seconds to 15 4-5. Frank Fox of Terre Haute in a Pope Hartford took first in the sixth event in 20 seconds. S. U. Johnson of Universal, driving a Ford, won the seventh event in 31-25. Rain prevented the last event.

FIND DYNAMITE UNDER MAYOR GAYNOR'S WINDOW

New York Official Not Disturbed But Continues With His Work.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—Four sticks of dynamite, one of them broken with something like a fuse attached were found Thursday afternoon beside the city hall, under one of the windows of Mayor Gaynor's office.

Mayor Gaynor was in his office when an awning worker discovered the dynamite. The mayor was not visibly perturbed by the find, and declined to make any comment. He continued at work at his desk while FBI Commissioner Johnson made an examination of the explosive.

CONVICTS TO BE PAID

Prisoners to Get From One to Five Cents an Hour.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 21.—Convicts serving terms in the Ohio penitentiary or their dependents will be given compensation for their labor on and after Sept. 1. The amount of compensation to prisoners will range from one to five cents per hour and the gradings will be based upon character, industrial efficiency and good conduct.

BODY FOUND IN THE LAKE

Disappearance of Davenport Merchant is Explained.

DETROIT, Aug. 21.—The mystery surrounding the disappearance of J. H. Whitaker, Davenport, Ia., merchant, was cleared up Thursday when Mrs. Whitaker, who is visiting here, received word that the body had been picked up in Lake Michigan and was being taken to Chicago by steamer. Whitaker disappeared from the steamer Manitou on Aug. 12, while crossing Lake Michigan.

TWO CHANGE THEIR MINDS

Woman Repents Too Late But Man Swims Ashore.

F. ROTWAYNE, Ind., Aug. 22.—Two would-be suicides here changed their mind after the first step, but for Mrs. Albert Moyer, who swallowed poison then ran onto the porch screaming for a doctor. It was too late. She died before aid could arrive. James York jumped from the main st. bridge into St. Mary's river, but swam ashore within sight of rescuers who started to aid him.

ASSAULT CHARGED

Stickley C. Bailey, 21, of 730 Cleveland av., was arrested Thursday night on a charge of assault and battery, brought against him by Mrs. Gertrude Duffy. He will be arraigned in police court Friday morning.

CATTLE AND HORSES TAKEN ACROSS LINE

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 22.—Whole-sale smuggling of horses, cattle and grain across the Canadian border, amounting to thousands of dollars, and said to involve a well known local cattle dealer, has been unearthed by Collector of Customs Judson La Moore, Jr., of the district of North and South Dakota and northwestern Minnesota, assisted by Special Agent Foulkes of St. Paul, according to an announcement Thursday night. Several arrests along the border have been made.

According to information from Hallock, Minn., near the center of the smuggling district, the operations have been carried on along the border between St. Vincent and Warrand, Minn. There is no customs port between these two places, which are about 100 miles apart.

PHYSICIAN FINDS BULLET

Alexander Sokol, who was taken to St. Joseph's hospital after being wounded in a recent west-end shooting affray, was operated upon by Dr. J. A. Varier. The only bullet remaining in his body was lodged in his back at the base of his shoulder. This being removed the patient is doing nicely and it is expected that he will be able to leave the hospital by the first of next week.

TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS

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WOMEN'S SOUVENIR DAY AT SPRINGBROOK PARK

Wednesday, August 27th

MOTHER'S DAY

Springbrook park will hold its first Women's Souvenir Day on Wednesday, August 27th. 500 ladies' work baskets have been provided for souvenirs of the day and will be given out to the Women visitors at the park on that day. These do not include the fine silk lined German Work Baskets as special prizes for the OLDEST, FATTEST and TALLEST women present. A part of the souvenirs are on exhibition at the several stands on the grounds and have been admired generally.

Each woman upon arriving at the park will receive a ticket on that day which will entitle them to a Basket, providing the number on the ticket is the same as one of the 500 numbers posted at the different stands.

Registration booth will be at the large dancing pavilion, where you can register your height and weight or your age Wednesday, August 27th. Advertisement.

SURPRISE THEATRE

THE HOME OF GOOD PICTURES. TODAY.

Warren Kerrigan Feature

THE SCRAPEGOAT Two Reels
BOB'S BABY Gem Comedy

Coming Sunday, Aug. 31st and Monday, Sept. 1st,
THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.
OPEN MORNINGS AND NOON HOUR.

Farmers, Manufacturers & Merchants

FALL EXPOSITION

South Bend—Sept. 29 to Oct. 4

MAJESTIC

10c—10c

MORAL

Moving Pictures And Vaudeville

HARRY LINWOOD CO., Comedy Sketch.

WM. STIEN, Ballads.

ROSE BECKERICH, Spotlight Songs.

THEATRE

AMERICAN THEATRE

FRIDAY
Vitaphone Drama,
AN OLD MAN'S LOVE STORY.
He makes two young souls happy at the sacrifice of his own love.
Edison Drama,
"THE ROMANCE OF ROWENA"
A pleasing story picture by Bannister Merwin.

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